PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

The Londonderry Times.

J. W. MORRISON. ACADIA MINES, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888. Editor and Proprietor.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Telegraphic reports of the crops in Ontario show that the fall wheat has been winter killed to a considerable extent.

It is reported that a nugget of pure gold weighing 99½ ounces was taken out of the Vermillion mine at Sudbury last week.

Thirteen Chinamen, with the white wife and three children of the leader of the party, passed through Montreal in bond for New York.

Senator McInnes, of British Columbia, has given notice of a motion condemning the importation of pauper children and adults.

Tenders for the completion of the Red River Valley railroad will be called for in a few days, and it is hoped to have the road finished by July 1st.

Four natural gas wells are now completed in Courtright, Ont., and all are producing gas in paying quantities, the last one, finished on Saturday, being described as "a veritable gusher."

The great lumber kings around the Chaudiere threaten to leave and erect their mills nearer Montreal if they are compelled to get rid of their sawdust otherwise than by running it into the Ottawa.

It has been discovered that by some crookedness a bill to legalize a by-law of the municipality of Morris granting a bonus to the C. P. R. was burked in the Manitoba Legislature in the days of the Norquay regime.

Simpson Woodbury, of Torbrook, N.S., says that during his life he has killed over 400 fur-bearing animals. He gives a list as follows:—Foxes, 200; otters, 13; bears, 2; moose, 13; mink, 150; sable, 5; racoon, 20; loup-cervier, 10; total, 413.

At a recent meeting of the Montreal Protestant Ministerial Association, a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing appreciation of Archbishop Fabre's conciliatory action regarding the proposed statue of the Virgin Mary in Mount Royal park.

A notorious character named Tom Buckley was arrested in Toronto on Monday on a charge of murdering his paramour, Bertha Robinson. At the coroner's inquest was brought in a verdict of guilty of wilful murder, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

The Calgary correspondent of the Winnipeg *Free Press* says:—An arrangement was made for a lot of whiskey to be thrown off a train at the Elbow bridge night before last. The party to receive the consignment of o-be joyful were duly at their post, but another party had got on to the racket and stationed themselves near the bridge too. When the whiskey was thrown off (about fifteen gallons) party No. 2, who were mistaken for the right men, grabbed the prize and made off. "No cards."

Norman McDonald, "Boxer," of Silos a Barrochan, North Side Big Bras d'Or, Victoria County, N. S., died on Monday last, at the great age of 110 years. He served under Wellington, in the battle of Waterloo, when he was about 37 years of age. He was born in the Isle of Harris, Scotland, in about the year 1778 and emigrated to this country in 1833, when he was in his 55th year. He was a very active man, and has been able, until the past two or three years, to assist a little with the work on the farm.

UNITED STATES.

New York has the pulpits of eight of its best paying and best attended churches occupied by imported clergymen.

The application for a re-hearing of the telephone patent case has been denied by the United States Supreme Court.

As the Boston *Globe* figures, the net profit of the billiard tables kept in that city is something over $2,000,000 annually.

Some of the western American cities pension their public school teachers after other years of service. In Wisconsin twenty one years of faithful work entitles a teacher to a pension, and Cleveland is considering a proposition towards the same end.

A pigeon message received at Garden City, Kansas, states that the Chicago buffalo hunting expedition has struck the trail of what is supposed to be the last main herd of buffalo at the head waters of the Upper Canadian River, in North-Western Texas.

A Tennessee preacher was pleading with a country merchant to trust him for half a pound of tea when a lawyer rode up and handed him papers showing that he was heir to $8,000 000. Then the preacher said he guessed he'd also ask credit for soap and saleratus, too.

The eight story blocks of Chicago have their advantages. On the eighth floor is a restaurant; on another a barber shop. A public telephone and a telegraph office are in the basement. A resident can buy his clothes at the tailor shop, have his boots blacked, have his picture painted and be photographed, and can even select original designs in coffins without leaving one roof. He may live in luxury for a lifetime, his wants being supplied within the four walls.

FOREIGN.

The question is to be shortly argued as to the power of the Irish courts to increase a sentence upon appeal.

Gen. Boulanger declares that only a criminal or a madman would dream of aggressive war on the part of France.

Mr. Michael Davitt says that to secure county government for Ireland before obtaining Home Rule would be a fatal blunder.

Tenants on estates in Clare have adopted the Plan of Campaign and Moonlighters have raided four farms because the occupants had paid their rents.

The Government of New Zealand have proclaimed all Chinese parts infected in order to put a stop to the entrance into the colony of Chinese emigrants.

The Brazilian Senate has passed the bill for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the empire which was passed by the Chamber of Deputies last week.

Gen. Boulanger has been paid $40,000 for the manuscript of his book on the German invasion. In his case the pen appears to be not only mightier but more valuable than the sword.

Archbishop Walsh says the Papal rescript decides a question of morals, and it will be found that it will not in the least injuriously affect either the national movement or the National League.

In reply to a deputation of Members of Parliament, Mr. Edward Stanhope, War Secretary, said there was no occasion for panic, but at the same time England was taking measures that would place her in a satisfactory defensive position.

The estate in the Island of Achill owned by the late Lord Cavan, was sold by order of his trustees, consisting of 2,068 acres of freehold land—in fact, the whole island—with house and entrance lodges, both furnished. The auctioneer described the property as one of the finest sporting estates in Ireland, though he admitted that the tenants were three years in arrear with their rent. The property was sold practically without reserve, and after very slight competition was purchased by a lady at the modest figure of £630, or about six shillings an acre!

FARM.

MULTIPLYING POTATOES.

A writer in the London *Garden* gives an account of the method he adopted to increase a high priced potato. The variety was a kind known as the Pride of America, of which he gave something like a dollar for two tubers, one of them large and sound, and the other small and diseased. Early in March they were laid in a pan, covered with fine soil, and set on a warm staging in his peach-house. They soon sprouted, and when the sprouts were three inches long, they were carefully pulled off, and the tubers returned to the soil. The sprouts were potted off singly, in good loamy soil, previously warmed, 3½ inch pots being used. They were set on the front staging and watered. They soon became well established, and were transplanted. The tubers gave a second and larger crop of sprouts than before, and these were treated like the first. A third, but smaller, crop of shoots was obtained. All the plants formed a row in the garden 51 feet long, on a deeply dug, thoroughly pulverized ground, 3 inches apart. Inverted flower pots protects them from any threatened frost, and evergreen branches were used for the same purpose later on. Two bushels were obtained from one pound of seed. The above is substantially the process given in the *Garden*, greatly reduced and condensed; and it may afford useful suggestions to those not familiar with the process adopted by gardeners for rapidly increasing rare and costly sorts.

HOW TO PLANT TREES.

On receipt from the nursery, the trees should be carefully heeled in. If they are to remain several days, the trees should be shaded. If they are very dry, tops and all should go into the trench, and the covering be made quite damp. The holes should be dug four feet in diameter, and deep enough to admit the planting of the trees a little deeper than it stood in the nursery. The filling of well pulverized soil having a liberal amount of ground bone and ashes well worked into it is placed beside the hole. Carefully examine each tree for borers, cut back one half of last year's growth, remove all broken limbs with a sharp knife, and coat with shellac all cuts and chafted places. All broken roots should be cut smoothly with an upward slant, and after all the roots have been dipped in thin mud, the tree is placed in the hole. Spread the roots carefully, drive a stake beside the tree, and fill in the soil, working it thoroughly under and among the roots with the hand. Give two or three sound treadings during the process of filling, which should reach the height of the nursery setting, and fill the rest of the hole with a mulch of coarse hay and straw. Place a piece of woolen cloth between the tree and stake, to prevent chafing; tie firmly, and the following day give the tree a thorough watering.

ABOUT INCUBATORS.

Few people realize the importance of letting the incubator alone after the eggs begin to pip. Having tried many means of supplying moisture in the egg drawer, we are satisfied that spraying with a florist's bulb, having an exceedingly fine rose, is the best. Two eggs should not be turned after the 19th day (never fear of their pipping on the under side).

If the chicks are in too enough so some out, this is of little consequence, he is bound to come. As the last turning of the eggs, they should be sprayed thoroughly with water at least 110° or even 115° would not injure them. The drawer should be closed immediately, and left so for 24 hours at least. In hot water machines 36 hours is even better.

We have recently seen a hatch of 169 chicks from 188 fertile eggs. They were left in the drawer for 35 hours, and the only means of ventilation is 1¼ inch pipe in the front of the machine, which goes to prove that bottom ventilation from a series of pipes is a prolific cause of unsatisfactory hatching.

BUCKWHEAT FOR TREE PROTECTION.

Two years ago a central Dakota farmer planted five acres of box elder and cotton wood trees one year old, having previously prepared the lamp. He then sowed buckwheat quite thick, which grew luxuriantly, and being left uncut, served as an excellent mulch, protecting from the hot sun of July and August, the cold winter and alternate freezing and thawing of early spring. The land was well seeded from the first crop, and another heavy crop was allowed to grow last year, and left on the ground as before. The trees have stood both winters well, and the percentage of loss is very small. The buckwheat straw subdued the weeds, and saved the labor of repeated cultivation.—*North Dakota Farmer.*

DEEP SOWING FOR PEAS.

Many garden crops are retarded or injured by deep sowing, but peas are not among the number. With more space and greater depth they would grow better and give finer crops, especially in seasons of drouth. A successful cultivator says that he gives each plant six inches space in the rows; and instead of covering them only two inches deep, as is the common practice, he finds at least twice this depth much better, and obtains larger crops. As the common practice is to plant peas as one of the earliest crops, and the time in many places is at hand, it is well to remind gardeners that they will obtain an item of valuable knowledge by trying both ways side by side.

FACTS ABOUT SEEDING GRASS.

In an acre there are 8,128 640 square inches. There are in a bushel of clear seed, of

Timothy	40,000,000	seeds
Orchard grass	7,000,000	"
Kentucky Blue	45,000,000	"
Red Top	70,000,000	"
Meadow Fescue	25,000 000	"
Red Clover	16,000,000	"
White Clover	25,000,000	"

DON'T COVER TOO DEEPLY.

Many who plant fine seeds have no conception of their requirements. A lady purchased some pansy seed the other day, and asked me how deep she should sow it—"four or five inches?" I told her if she wanted it to come up not to cover it more than a sixteenth of an inch. Many people fail just this way and then blame the seedsman.

NOTES.

Good plowing is the foundation of good crops.

Things to be avoided: Scrub stock, scrub crops, and scrub families.

Sulphur dusted over the seed pieces after they are deposited into the furrows is said to prevent scab.

The damage done to fruit trees by rabbits, borers and insects, may be prevented by applying pine tar to the bodies of the trees. Warm the tar and apply with a brush.

Frequent and thorough cultivation is generally fully as effective in protecting vegetable plants against injury from drought, as the best mulch most carefully applied.

Toads are the policemen of the garden. They speedily transport insect depredators to a place where they will do no more harm. And this interior jail is quite capacious.

Sprinkling garden vegetables or vegetable plants is of no account. If you want to water them, give the ground a thorough soaking—afterwards mulch or keep well cultivated.

Farming is too complex an art for a man to learn it all in an average lifetime and by his own experience alone. There are both wisdom and profit in utilizing the experience of others.

When we put our plows away last fall every one of them got a coating of grease. Now they are as bright as need be. Not much sympathy for the farmer with the rusty plows.

Plant potatoes deep enough so you can use the harrow at the time that the young plants are just coming up, and then use it *thoroughly*, pulverizing the soil finely and killing every weed.

If you have a shady spot in the garden, plant it with lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower or any crop used for salads or greens. The warmest and sunniest location is needed for melons, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, peanuts' etc.

No farmer can afford to continue raising scrub stock. Between twenty years of farming with scrub stock, and twenty years of farming with improved stock, there will be a difference in profits equal to the price of a fine farm.

The carcass of every animal that dies of disease should be buried. Only by this process can the virus and germs be annihilated and the spread of the disease be prevented. This is especially true of animals dying of diseases known to be contagious.

Set sweet potato plants after the soil has become thoroughly warm. The ground need not be rich, but should be fertilized in the hill or drill, either by well-decomposed barnyard manure, or (what is generally preferable in our soils) by a good special potato fertilizer.

We would rather have one pan of milk with quarter inch cream, than four pans with one of breath-inch cream. By the same token, twenty acres of land, with a rich, deep soil, may be more desirable than a thin skinned tract of one hundred and sixty acres.

An oblong form is better than a square one for the home garden. Seeds sown or planted in rows instead of little beds simplifies the whole matter, and admits of the use of the plow and cultivator instead of the spade, the hoe and the rake, and makes its cultivation a pleasure instead of a dreaded task.

To get the cream quickly from milk: As soon as it is drawn from the cow reduce its temperature to about 45° and keep it there, and in 4 or 5 hours all the cream will rise. The cream will be perfectly sweet, and the skim milk will be of a very superior quality. If the cream is to be made into butter, it should be kept at a temperature of about 65°, and churned at a temperature of from 55° to 60°.

Pumpkins planted among corn should not be planted at the same time with the corn, but when the corn is about four inches high. Take an old shovel or fork handle, point the end of it, make a hole with this, drop in your pumpkin seed, and close in the hole with your foot. By this method you can get your pumpkins just where you want them, as thick as you want them, and bring them up without any danger from the cultivator.

In pruning apple orchards, many farmers insist on cutting out the leading centre branch to let the sun shine into the tree. This is a serious mistake. So is the cutting off of any large branches. It is a stabbing and wounding of the tree that gives it a rotten heart makes it weak to resist the wind, and leads to premature death. Cut out the sap shoots, trim off small branches, and encourage a pyramidal growth, is the one correct plan. And early spring is the right time.

The School of the Soldier.

Though it is impossible to make the young soldiery, say of two or three years' service, physically old; there is no cannot give him the hardened muscles and the steady nerves which he will have some six or seven years hence, we can to a certain extent make him a veteran by giving him perfect practice in peace of the work which he will have to do in war. No doubt, as I well know by my own unpleasant experiences in the Franco-German war, the actual whistling of bullets, the crashing of shells, and the sight of friends killed and wounded, have an effect which cannot be simulated in peace; but it is certainly possible to give the young soldier such instruction that all the phases of the action will be familiar to him, and that he will instinctively know the right course to pursue under different circumstances. So long as fighting was conducted in stiff lines or heavy columns, the regular drill, which still goes on in the barrack yard, was undoubtedly a very valuable training for war; but the case is altered now, and we are handicapping ourselves if we do not give to the young soldier constant instruction in all those fighting exercises which have taken the place of the starched movements formerly in vogue. If the chief portion of his time is spent in the ordinary drills, whereas on the field of battle those drills will absolutely disappear, we are not training the man for war, but, on the contrary, training him for something different, so that when he finds himself in the presence of an enemy everything will be comparatively new to him. To the effect on the nerves produced by the bullets and the sight of wounds and death we deliberately add the confusion which arises from his having to perform movements to which he is unaccustomed, or at least little accustomed; and by such training we are deliberately unfitting him to be steady on the field of action. It is said with justice that the best training for the soldier is that that which soonest changes him into a veteran in the actual practice of war. We should therefore endeavor to make our peace training as like that of war as possible. By this means we shall soonest ingraft the qualities of old soldiers upon those of young ones, and shall have done all that in us lies to obtain the steadiness of the veteran in combination with the fire of youth, another quality which may be impressed upon the young soldier with great advantage is that strong *esprit de corps* which gives much of their tone to soldiers, old or young.

The Chicago *Tribune* recently published a summary of about 200 reports received by prominent grain shippers at representative points throughout the principal corn and winter wheat States, showing surplus of wheat, corn and oats in store and in farmers' hands as compared with the same time last year, and acreage and condition of the wheat winter crop. The winter wheat reports shown for the entire section covered a surplus in store and in farmers' hands of 70 per cent., acreage 95 per cent. and condition 68 1 2 per cent. as compared with the same last year. The estimated shortage reported in Illinois and Indiana alone would amount to 43,000,000 bushels. The reports on corn for the entire section covered show amount in store and cribs at stations, as compared with last year, 48 per cent. and surplus in farmers' hands 60 per cent. Oats in store at stations 72 1 2 per. cent. and surplus in farmers' hands 85 per cent.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

Russia Still Active—The Kaiser Better.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* keeps hammering away at his story of an impending Russian descent upon Persia and a general Central Asian advance. The English Foreign Office officials persist in assurances that they know nothing of such an intention, and don't credit the report. The German papers, however, not only seem to believe it, but connect it with England's latest flurry over her defenses, pointing out meanwhile that this would be a good time for the English to accept the inevitable and adopt conscription.

Under the influence of bright Summer weather the poor Kaiser is gaining strength more rapidly now, and these about him begin to cherish a hope that he will be able to withstand the next recurring crisis in his throat malady, which will probably come in a week or so.

BRIGHT BITS.

Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife.

Sweetening one's tea or coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

Women feel where men think, "says a writer. Yes, that's what makes man half.

"This is really the tour of Babe," as the old bachelor said when he walked round the nursery.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

The worst of an opportunity is that few of us know how to take advantage of it until it is passed.

Motto of the sensible young man in search of a wife—" Handsome is that handsome doughs.

"What is the best attitude for self-defence, asked a pupil of a well known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

Mamma—" Johnnie, did you throw that cat into the well?" Johnnie—" Indeed I didn't. I was just holding it over by the tail, and it waggled loose and fell in. "

Somebody describes a horse so poor that his owner had tied a knot in his tail to keep the body from slipping through the collar in going down hill.

The late Mr John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "by letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

"Do you know, sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes, was the repiy, "I do; and know that it is all you are worth. "

"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper; "what kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," meaning.

Mrs. Finnigan—" He's no better, docthor. You towld me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpince. I hadn't a sixpince, but I gave him as much as would go on five pinnies an' two halfpinnies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."

Senator Voorhees to Senator Ingalls.

The rude simplicity of Republican manners was strikingly illustrated during the scene which occurred in the United States Senate the other day. Senator Ingalls chose the occasion to make an attack on the Democratic party, and singled out Senator Voorhees for a special tirade of vituperation. The Kansas Senator declared that the President's election had been brought about by fraud, that the solid South was still in arms, and that the Democrats were rebels and traitors. Mr. Cleveland, he said, had been counted into office by a partnership between footpads and sneak-thieves, between Dick Turpin and Uriah Heep. He accused Senator Voorhees of being disloyal and of being a Knight of the Golden Circle. In the middle of Senator Voorhees' reply Mr. Ingalls leaned forward and deliberately if the soldiers of Indiana had not threatened to hang him once on a time. An interchange of choice epithets then occurred, "dirty dog," "liar," "infamous scoundrel," being some of the terms applied. Senator Voorhees characterized the charges as "putrid, foul, despicable lies," and said he spurned them, spat upon them and kicked them from him. The situation was red-hot for a time, but the irate belligerents finally subsided and the Senate adjourned to talk over the matter. The Chicago *Herald* of the following day, in commenting on the occurrence, referred to Senator Ingalls as a "reptilian blatherskite representing the rottenest political society in the United States."

On the Beach.

I stood on the beach when the tide went out.
And the blue waves kissed my feet;
They coaxed and caressed like a babe on the knee
Of its mother, soft and sweet;
Then glided away, like a child at play,
On the smooth and pebbly sands,
And came returning back o'er their silver track,
And beckoned with shining hands.

I stood on the beach when the tide came in,
And the waves were foaming white;
They lashed the shore with the awful roar
Of the tempest in its might.
They bubbled and boiled, and hissed and coiled,
Like things of venomous breath,
And dashed 'gainst the rocks their threatening shocks,
Defiance unto death.

And I said, as I stood alone on the beach,
Old ocean, I know you well;
Your smile is bright as an angel of light,
But your kiss is false as hell.
Woe shadows your path wnen you wake in wrath,
Death lurks in your breezes free,—
In your coral caves and sighing waves,
O lovely, treacherous sea!

Chinese as Liquor Drinkers.

There is hardly a single Chinaman among the Chinese denizens of this city who has ever fallen into the liquor habit, and a policeman who patrols the Chinese quarter says he never yet saw a drunken Chinaman. There are more Americans of both sexes who have taken up the Chinese opium habit than Chinamen who have been seized with the alcoholic mania of the Americans.—[New York Sun.

Electric rifles are the latest. Instead of the ordinary percussion firing device a dry chloride of silver battery and a primary coil will, so it was lately stated before the America Institute, fire the rifle 35,000 times without re-charging.

A THRILLING HOUSEHOLD TALE.

THE TAIL OF A TADPOLE.

Mr. John Brown came home one evening lately, and being very thirsty, poured out for himself a tankard of water in a glass which he thought was empty. Imagine his surprise and consternation when his son Tommy, aged eight, came running in, just as his draught was finished and shrieked: "Why, papa! you've swallowed my tadpole!"

"Whaaat!" shouted the alarmed father. "You young idiot! run for the doctor!"

But the only medical man who could be got hold of at the moment was a French man, visiting in the neighborhood. On the case being rather incoherently explained to him by the now thoroughly frightened family, he said:

"You most make heem svim."

"But my husband can't swim," replied poor Mrs. Brown, in tears."

"No, it is not ze man zat shall svim, it is ze leetle frog who shall svim, you know, *qu il faut que le poisson nage*, so you put him wiz ze water to his teeth, zen ze leetle frog he vill svim up to ze mout of Monsieur, and ven he see ze light he vill shomp out, so."

And they gave him bucket after bucket of water till he become horribly sick, but no tadpole "shomped out."

By this time poor Brown was suffering agonies. The tadpole, or the large quantity of water, one or other, was causing him great pain, added to which he himself was in a state of mortal and indefinable terror. Just then the family physician made his appearance and tried to allay their fears, but all to no purpose, something practical must be done. Thinking a little stimulant would do his patient good after the drenching he had, he said:

"Now, I should recommend you, if you want that tadpole to jump, to give him a good dose of brandy, that will make him frisky and perhaps he will then, under the influence of liquor, make his sudden appearance, and relieve you all."

The plan was tried on a most wholesale scale, but instead of making the tadpole frisky, it only made Mr. Brown somewhat tipsy, in which state he became what the Scotch call "g-eetin' fu'." In a maudlin way he bade his weeping wife an affecting farewell and insisted on being put to bed to die.

The doctor however, seeing that the poor man, as well as his family, was suffering agonies of mind about the unfortunate little polliwig, determined to take active measures, and bring matters to a satisfactory crisis by a little scheme of his own. He ordered Mr. Brown, who was now in bed, to be partially undressed, promising to return in an hour with his assistant, when he hoped to be able to relieve him permanently.

In the succeeding half hour the patient suffered all sorts of pains, real and imaginary, and was more than ever convinced of the activity of his unwelcome tenant.

The doctor, however, meanwhile, had offered half a dozen small boys a handsome price for the first tadpole they would bring him, and the fact being noised abroad he house soon resembled Pharoah's palace during one of the plagues of Egypt. It was filled with frogs and froglets of all sizes, medical household.

But long ere this the doctor and his assistant had started off to finally cure their patient. The doctor carried a healthy polliwig in a small bottle, in his pocket, the assistant a powerful electric battery, in a valise. Turning everyone out of the room, the conspirators quietly hid the battery under the bed, after adjusting it to its utmost power. The new polliwig was then carefully placed on the pillow near the despairing man's head, one battery wire was arranged under his chin and at a signal from the doctor, the other, with the full power of the battery, was suddenly applied to his stomach. With a horrid yell the poor wretch suddenly sprang up in bed, and the doctor and his assistant both shouted: "Hurrah! he has it out at last!" The unsuspecting family, hearing the yell, rushed in to see the startled Mr. Brown sitting up in bed, the poor little tadpole lying beside him. He was soon made aware of the change in the state of affairs, and warmly thanked the doctor, as did all the family.

"He gave me an awful spasm as he got out though, but thank Heaven it is now all over."

Just at that moment however, the ever unfortunate Tommy came rushing into the room with a glass in his hand, saying: "Why, papa! here is another tadpole! You never swallowed it after all!"

If a bombshell had burst in the room the consternation could not have been more complete. The father, now cured, suspected some trick, he did not exactly know what, but seeing the doctor and his assistant confused with laughter, he angrily requested their immediate withdrawal from his house and they, nothing loath, were only too glad to escape into the open air. The story soon leaked out, and while the doctor was highly praised for his treatment, so much so that he was ever after called Dr. Tadpole, poor Mr. Brown had a hard time of it. He soon got so disgusted with being nick-named "old Polliwig" that he left the country, and returned permanently to town, where no one ever knew of the bad time he had when he swallowed the tadpole.

How Rain is Produced.

Did it ever occur to the reader that there is just as much water in the air above him on a clear, bright day as on a cloudy or rainy one? Rain does not come from somewhere else, or if it is wafted over you by the wind from somewhere, the water that is in your sky is simply wafted on to some other place. What is said above explains this. Water is absorbed in the air above us, at a certain temperature, and it becomes insensible. Cool that air by a cooler atmosphere, or by an electrical or chemical influence, and the moment the air becomes cooler it gives up some of the watery particles that were insensible or invisible at the higher temperature. These small particles thus given out unite, and, when enough of them coalesce, obstruct the light and show the clouds. When enough of them unite to be too heavy to float in the air, they begin to descend; pair after pair of them come together until a raindrop is formed. One of the minute raindrops is made up of millions of infinitely small watery particles. Air passing over the cold tops of mountains is cooled down so that it gives up a good deal of the concealed watery vapor, and hence little rain falls in the region along the lee side of such mountains. This is why little rain falls in Colorado and in other places north and south of the State. The prevailing winds blow to the west, and the cool tops of the Rocky Mountains lower their temperature and thus take out the moisture that would otherwise fall in rain.

British circles in Shanghai do not approve Australia's method of dealing with the Chinese question, and the Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce has adopted a resolution declaring the course is fraught with danger to British interests.

The trial of Mr. John Dillon, charged under the Crimes Act with inciting tenants not to pay rents, was concluded yesterday. Mr. Dillon was sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labour.

Appearances are Deceitful.

"Um! Yes! Singular!" he said, as he stood at the cashier's desk in the restaurant and felt in his pockets.

"Been robbed, I suppose?" sneered the cashier.

"Perhaps. Let's see. Did I change my pantaloons?"

"Oh, of course!"

"I guess I did, and left all my money in the other pair."

"Say, that's too old to go down here, mister! I want sixty cents!"

"Yes—yes, but you see—"

"I see a dead beat, who'll get a good kicking if he doesn't hand over the cash!"

"Mercy! But you don't take me for a dead beat, I hope!"

"Sixty cents!"

"But I've left my money."

"Sixty cents, or you'll get the bounce!"

"I'll go out and borrow it."

"Oh no! Hand it over, or the kicker will take charge of you."

"Let's see! Did I change my clothes? Yes, I did. But—"

"No buts about it! I want sixty cents!"

"But I must have slipped some money in my hind pocket. Ah! so I did, and here it is."

And he fished up a great wad, tossed the cashier a $50 bill, and while waiting for his change shook hands with two backers and drew his check for $5,000 to settle a real estate transaction.

The cashier is still in bed, and the doctor says it is a very serious case.—[Detroit Free Press.

How Paper Car Wheels are Made.

Richards N. Allen, the inventor of the paper car wheel, is in town just now. He is here to meet George Pullman. When Allen made his first set of paper car wheels in 1860 he was laughed at, and it was with difficulty that he got the use of a wood car for six months to test his invention. The Pullman Palace Car company gave him his first order for 100 wheels in 1871, and a few years later the Allen Paper Car Wheel company made 17,000 such wheels in one year. One of the first sets of wheels experimented with under a sleeper is now on exhibition in Hudson, N. Y. It has a record of 300,000 miles travel.

All the body of the wheel is of paper. The material is splendered rye straw "board," or thick paper, made at Morris, Ill. This is sent to the works in circular sheets of twenty-two to forty inches in diameter. Two men standing by piles of these rapidly brush over each sheet an even coat of flour paste, until there are a dozen of them, which make a layer. The layers are subjected to a hydraulic press, with a pressure of 500 tons. After various other manipulations several of these twelve sheet layers are pasted together, until there are formed circular blocks containing 120 to 160 sheets each, compressed to five and a half or four and a half inches in thickness, just the size to fit the inner circle of the tire.—[Chicago Journal.

The Mackenzie River Region.

In moving the adoption of the report of the Committee on the Resources of the Mackenzie River Basin, Senator Schultz said the committee in their report advocated the leasing of the barren grounds, and also about 200,000 square miles of lightly-wooded country to the south and west to some fur trading company, who would, as in the case of the Alaska Fur Company, pay the Government for the lease and consent to a limitation of the numbers to be taken annually of some of the more easily killed fur-bearing animals. He pointed out the necessity for the preservation of the wood buffalo, partly because they were the last remains of a species nearly extinct throughout the world and spoke of the great value in crossing them with domestic cattle, the progeny resulting only needing about one month of stabling and being well suited for the vast pastoral area of the country. Their flesh is not only good but some thought better than that of the domestic animal and their hide or robe being worth separately more than the whole value of the domestic animal. He stated the revenue that the United States derived from the leasing of certain rights to the Alaska Fur Company to be about $600,000 and yearly and that in Alaska only cost them 7,200,000 that we might expect to derive a revenue from our Northern region, which, besides being nearly ten times as great in extent, was richer in all fur-bearing animals, with the exception of the fur seal and sea otter. It also possessed mineral wealth and timber ranges far exceeding those of Alaska.

Cheap Slaves for Canada.

The *Times* of April 27 contains a report of the proceedings of the London Conference in connection with the National Association of Certified Reformatory and Industrial Schools, from which it appears that amongst the papers read was one by Mr. James Rankin, M.P., containing the following statement:

"Great success has attended the emigration of children to Canada. A great number had been emigrated to that country and the failure had been less than eight per cent. The cost of keeping a child in the workhouse at the present time was about £9 per annum, and in an industrial school about £17 per annum, whereas that child could be fitted out and sent to Canada and placed in a good situation at a cost of £15 only."

Mr. Rankin continued, therefore, that sending them to Canada was "the cheapest method of dealing with waifs and strays." The *Times* of April 28 contains the testimony of Mr. Hedley, a Poor Law inspector in London, given before a select committee of the House of Lords, on the subject of pauperism. Here again it was stated that the deportation of pauper children to Canada was "a very cheap method of dealing with the question." But why do these philanthropists and officials, all of whom no doubt mean well, put out of sight the probable consequence to Canada of this system? Has Mr. Carling nothing to say in the matter.

Home Politeness.

A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite to spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, coveting the good opinion of others, and caring too little for the opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.—[Home Guardian.

Rev. Dr Chasuble (to only member present)—"I am thankful that one member of the church is not afraid to come out in rain as well in sunshine." Mrs. Prim—"Well, if it hadn't have stormed, I couldn't have come; for my new bonnet isn't ready."

The Blue Forget-me-Not.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

There is a flower which oft unheeded grows,
And blooms unnoticed in some shady spot;
Modestly it hides, nor gaudy petal shows,
But whispers coyly to the breeze "Forget me not."
The bride should wear it when she leaves her home,
The dead should have it on their coffin laid;
Our friends most prize it when afar they roam,
And find its tiny blossoms in the glade;
They love its pale blue blossoms, for they call to mind
Some Woodbine-wreathed or Ivy-mantled cot
Where those, most loved and prized, are left behind,
For in the floweret's eye they read, "Forget me not."
We wreathe the conquering hero's brow with Bay,
And twine the Myrtle for the bride's fair head,
With Laurel crown the minstrel for his sy,
And plant the Cypress o'er the noble dead;
The Rose is emblem sweet of constancy and love,
While giant strength is by the Cedar shown;
The Lily tells of Hope and Peace above,
And by the sombre Yew is sorrow known;
Yet when on earth no more our form is seen
To wander round some loved and hallowed spot,
May to dear friends our memory still be green,
Where'er they see the Blue Forget-me-not.
Upon the grave, then, let the dainty flower bloom,
'Twill help to soothe the pang of mortal lot,
Relieve the sadness of the darksome tomb,
And breathe the last fond wish—"Forget me not."

WIT AND WISDOM.

Mr. B. Conbill (of Boston)—Ah, Miss Chandler, I see you are an admirer of Milton! Miss Chandler (of Cincinnati)—No; can't say I am. Why pa's young advertising man makes rhymes with a good deal pleasanter jingle!

Countryman (looking at shirts)—Will these goods shrink, mister? Clerk—They may a little at first, sir, but I guess they won't after they get used to you.

A Philadelphia deacon is in disgrace. At his church festival the other day he yelled "Eureka!" on discovering an oyster in his stew, and now he is to be expelled.

A Chicago burglar overlooked $80 in a bureau drawer, and the papers so announced. He returned the next night and not only secured it, but a suit of clothes besides.

What the world is still looking for is a fire proof theatre, and a public school room which will remain thoroughly ventilated, no matter how many hours a day it is used.

Among the combinations and rings there is not one that can compare, as far as the welfare of the race is concerned, with the matrimonial combination and the wedding ring.

Society leader, who is a mistress of deportment explains the etiquette which demands that a lady should bow to a gentleman before he can presume to bow.

Evolution: The cottonseed becomes cotton, the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes a fabric, the fabric becomes a print, the print becomes a wrapper and a wrapper becomes a beautiful woman.

Miss Pounder (who has been having a wrestling match with the keyboard of the piano): Have you a sensitive musical ear, Mr. Tympanum? Mr. T. (more candid than polite): Yes, I am sorry to say I have.

"Why did you strike the plaintiff?" was asked of a prisoner in the police court the other day. "Because he said I was no gentleman." "Well, are you a gentleman?" "I don't suppose I am, sir; but it made me mad to be told of it, all the same."

Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what "obey" means? Apt pupil—Yes; ma'am, I obey my father. Teacher—Very right. Now tell me why you obey your father. Apt pupil—'Cause he's bigger'n me!

A woman in Boston had to hawsher tongue slit the other day on account of a cancer. It was at first feared that she would lose the power of speech, but she has since fully recovered and can now talk on different subjects in a language all at the same time. She is unable to sleep, however, as both of her tongues are striving to get in the last word.

A New Orleans photographer has succeeded in photographing a flash of lightning, and they say the photograph is splendid; just as natural as life. No doubt of it. Because, you see, the photographer couldn't back the streak of lightning up into an iron tripod with an adjustable focus bar, and twist and distort the unhappy thunderbolt into a shape most monstrously painful and unnatural, and then bid it "Look pleasant, please." We should think, with all the natural advantages in its favor, a streak of steel-blue lightning would have no difficulty in securing a perfect likeness at the first sitting. But with a man, an intelligent man, with a far-seeing comprehensive brain and an immortal soul, it is very different. He is at the mercy of the "artist," who knows no mercy.

Cross Purposes.

What sorrow we should beckon unawares,
What stinging nettles in our path would grow,
If God would answer all our thoughtless prayers,
Or bring to harvest the poor seed we sow!

The storm for which you prayed, whose shock
Revived your fields and blessed the fainting air,
Drove a strong ship upon the cruel rock,
And one I loved went down in shipwreck there.

I ask for sunshine on my grapes to-day;
You plead for rain to kiss your drooping flowers;
And thus within God's patient hand we lay
These intricate cross purposes of ours.

I greeted with cold grace and doubting fears
The guest who proved an angel by my side;
And I have shed more bitter, burning tears
Because of hopes fulfilled than prayers denied.

Then be not clamorous, O restless soul,
But hold thy trust in God's eternal plan!
He views our life's dull weaving as a whole;
Only its tangled threads are seen by man!

Dear Lord, vain repetitions are not meet
When we would bring our messages to Thee;
Help us to lay them at Thy dear feet
In acquiescence, not garrulity!

Wheat to the extent of 6,600,000 bushels has reached Port Arthur upto the 1st of May and 75,000 bushels more manufactured in flour. One million bushels of other grains also reached there, making 9,000,000 bushels. Two millions more still in Manitoba available for export.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

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THE LONDONDERRY TIMES

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.
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J. W. FORRESTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Advertising rates furnished on application. Please address all communications Editor Londonderry Times, Acadia Mines, N. S.

THE LONDONDERRY TIMES

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888.

CABINET CHANGES.

The people of Canada have learned with deep regret that Sir Chas. Tupper, has resigned his seat in parliament to again assume the duties of High Commissioner in London. Although he has done so in the interests of his country, which he has served so faithfully for over thirty years, yet all true Canadians cannot help expressing regret that this distinguished statesman leaves the cabinet. Few public men occupy the proud position that Sir Charles does. He has always had the confidence of the entire Conservative party, while his most deadly opponents now at last, acknowledge his worth.

His successor in the cabinet is Hon. Geo. E. Foster, late of the department of marine and fisheries. Mr. Foster is one of the ablest men of the party, and his appointment as Finance Minister meets with universal satisfaction. In fact, ever since it became known that Sir Charles was to leave the cabinet, Mr. Foster was looked upon as his successor. He has few equals as a debater in the House of Commons. One of the ablest speeches delivered in the commons during the late session of parliament was delivered by Hon. G. E. Foster. He is the fourth Maritime man that has presided over the finance department since the great overturn of 1878. C. H. Tupper, M. P. for Pictou, succeeds Mr. Foster as Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Much wisdom has been displayed in this appointment. Mr. Tupper is a very clever young man and very popular. The able and masterly manner in which he has handled Mr. Jones, of Halifax, parliament has gained for him a host of admirers in Nova Scotia. It has not yet been announced who is to take the department of Interior, made vacant by the death of Hon. Mr. White; but doubtless the best man for the position will be selected by the premier.

THE Provincial Exhibition is to be held in Truro this year. Truro's record in this line in the past is a proud one, and we have no doubt but that the approaching exhibition will surpass any previous one held there.

At a meeting convened at the court house on Saturday a large committee was appointed to manage the affair.

Many of the most active and energetic men in the county are on this committee, which insures its success. The committee has displayed wisdom in its first action—that of appointing its officers. Much depends upon having the best men in the important offices. With Jas. Norrie, president; W. D. Dimock, secretary; and Gardiner Clish, treasurer, the public can rest assured that the business will be done in good shape. We hope the people of Colchester will take a special interest in this exhibition, and do all in their power to assist the committee in carrying it to a successful completion.

THE WAY OUR COUNTRY IS GOING TO THE DOGS.

Mahone Bay, Bridgewater and Lunenburg are centres of life. The county has large agricultural resources and a plodding industrious population to develop them. In addition to this, the above named places farm the sea extensively. Since the beginning of the new year seven fishing vessels have been built at Mahone Bay; two at Chester Basin; five at Lunenburg, and four are in course of construction; seven on the river and at Bridgewater. Over eighty vessels fitted out this year for the business of fishing. By this time last year the returns were about 5, 6, 7 and 800 quintals to each vessel, this year about half that amount. The vessels built average about 85 ton; Mahone Bay enjoys most. It is beautiful for situation. Lunenburg is not without glory of this sort. It has also the appearance of animated activity. Bridgewater believes in work and stirs round independently. This county woke up about twenty years ago. There is no apparance of its going to sleep again.—Halifax Herald.

CRICKET.

All lovers of manly sport and recreation must certainly feel interested in the "Game of Cricket" and they do; but why? I will tell you. For the reason that it is a noble game and commands the support and attention of all classes, and no matter in what sphere a lady or gentleman may find themselves, 'tis true of both that their sympathies are always with the higher planes of recreation, and especially where real art and skill is required and required. Cricket, as a sport, is refined and artistic, calling for players of judgment patience and perseverance of perfection is the aim. Its amusing recreation, especially for those who do not propose to be skilled and who really don't wish to be. Therefore it has its advantages for all. If it is amusement you want cricket provides it. If science is wanted you will find it in cricket, and for good, rational exercise cricket caters to all. It is to be hoped that the people of Acadia Mines will give their support to the game this season, and thereby encourage the youth in building up a constitution which might otherwise become weakly, and I am sure those who are past the line of youth require some devotion. Come now, put the game on a good footing and see what beneficial results will follow. Let the people, especially those of influence—you might say affluence—take more interest in providing amusements for the boys and men, or let them at least give a little more countenance to such pastimes as we have. If this was done there would be little need for temperance demonstrations. The ladies must give more attention to this matter. Help it along not a few, but all. With tennis, and cricket to start with we will, with attention, eventually build up good institutions. Come to the meeting all who can on Saturday night, that is to-night, at Acadia Mines store, and those who wish to join the "Acadias" can do so, and those who can't come send your initiation fee of $2.00. We want honorary members especially to be present. Don't stay away because you are not a cricketer, or because you may be a foreman, a manager, an humbug chronicle and Echo offer to match their best man against the crack compositor of the Herald for a five-hour type-setting contest for any amount to be agreed on.

Nagele, the Montreal detective, who was in league with detective Fahey, to rob different vaults and places of business in Montreal, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul.

A new gasometer of the Montreal gas works exploded May 22, wrecking the gas works and fatally injuring four workmen. Others are seriously hurt. The loss to the company will reach a million dollars.

The Chronicle says: Mr. Schreiber accompanied by his secretary, has left for Cape Breton, to inspect two sections of railway under construction there. He will also take a run over the Oxford and New Glasgow work.

Word has reached Amherst of the death of Rev. S. D. Yates, which occurred at New York a short time since. Mr. Yates for many years was pastor of what was known as Dr. Clarke's Presbyterian church, Amherst.

The tenants in a house on Albermarle street, Halifax, near Prince street, having refused to pay their rent for some time, and after numerous warnings to vacate had been unheeded, the proprietor on Wednesday had the windows and doors removed, thinking this would have the desired effect. But it didn't. The occupants—a Mrs. Archibald and a Mrs. Connors—nailed old bed quilts up to the openings and continued to hold high carnival there.

It has been brought to the notice of the Annapolis Spectator that in the vicinity of Birchtown there was an old couple named Locke, who had been living in a deplorable condition. During the winter they barely existed on a few crusts of bread, and scarcely any fuel to keep them warm. The man died last Saturday morning, it is said, of starvation. A colored woman, hearing of his death, went to the house to see if any assistance was required. She found the man lying dead, with scarcely a rag to cover him. The old lady told her that her husband had died of starvation, having had nothing to eat for quite a while. The colored woman procured some catables—there being nothing in the house whatever—and also some clothing.

GENERAL NEWS.

Sackville, N. B., is to have the electric light.

Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, is seriously ill.

Over 1000 immigrants arrived at Montreal last week.

Great Britain has 15,000 temperance organizations.

Mrs. Cleveland has never seen a horse race.

The Amherst Boot & Shoe Co. are putting steam power into their factory.

The next eclipse of the moon will occur on the night of July 22. It will take place about midnight.

Mrs. Langtry covers her face with uncooked veal to subdue the wrinkles.

It is said that John L. Sullivan will be banqueted at Delmonico's, New York.

Her Majesty's birthday will be celebrated this year in England on June 2nd.

Sir Charles Tupper left Ottawa for New York Thursday and sailed for England on Saturday.

The St. John Cotton Company has received an order from China for one hundred bales of cotton.

It is reported that a gold mine has been discovered up Lepper Brook, near Truro.

Prosper, the young man condemned for the murder of Doyle, is to have his case heard by the judges on July 10th.

Two Scott Act offenders were each fined $50 and costs at Fredericton on Thursday morning of last week.

Mr. Costigan, minister of inland revenue, is seriously indisposed, and rumors about his retirement from the cabinet are again in circulation.

It is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway company insist upon the appointment of Mr. Kirkpatrick, one of their directors, as minister of the interior.

A negro named Jacob Beatright, was sold at public auction at Marshall, Mo., recently, for six months for six dollars and a-half. He had been convicted of vagrancy.

Should the request of certain ministers in Allegheny and Pittsburg be acceded to they will be organized into an assembly of the knights of labour.

Signor Ranieri, a young leading man in a theatre at Messina, Sicily, committed suicide the other day. He was popular with the public, but being blessed decided to do away with himself.

SPORTING NEWS.

Boston now refers to her pugilistic prince as John L. Circumsyen.

Ross and Hosmer are both in training for their coming race.

Bubear challenges Ross to row in England or £200 a side.

Jack Grace, of Brooklyn' claims to be ready for "any 123-pound man in America."

The promoter of the 72-hour pedestrian contest at Montreal is arranging for a similar affair at Toronto.

Jack Manning, Lon Knight and Hackett, all old leaguers, are spoken of as likely to be with Salems.

In the second running race of one mile at Birmingham on Saturday, W. Cummings beat W. G. George by twelve yards. Cummings had won the previous race.

Kilrain and Mitchell are still doing well in England, giving exhibitions. They were at Bath two nights, and had to turn people away. They were heartily cheered.

The sculling match between Geo. Bubear and Charles Carr, for $500 a side, took place over the Tyne championship course Saturday last. Bubear won by two lengths.

Charlie Farrell, the promising young player whom Chicago found in the East, will get a big send off on June 14, when the Chicagos make their first appearance in Boston.

Jim Fell claims that Joe Lannan is the only man who has ever given him any credit as a pugilist. Jim is thankful, and calls the South Boston heavy-weight a good fellow.

Paddy Ryan, whom Joe McAuliffe easily whipped, says of the McAuliffe-Glover fight: "McAuliffe has a lot to learn yet, but he knows enough to put Glover to sleep in five or six rounds."

London, May 27.—In a contest at Jarrow, on Saturday, Wm. A. Rowe, an American Bicyclist, broke his collar bone and was injured internally. He beat Wood, the north of England champion, by two feet.

It is said that the recent fight between Jimmy Larkins and Con Dugan was gotten up to determine which of them should be backed to fight Ike Weir, the "Spider," by New York parties.

The Picton cricket club have elected the following officers for the season: G. H. Elliot, captain; Dal. Patterson, field captain; E. M. Macdonald, secretary; E. C. Tanner, C. R. B. Bryan, F. Dawson, committee.

John L. Sullivan arrived in Boston on Wednesday of last week from Philadelphia, in company with his friend, McKeon. His friends are more pleased than ever at the prospects of his circus scheme.

A special to the Police Gazette from Patsy Hogan, the well known sporting man of San Francisco, announces that a syndicate of sporting men of that place are ready to back Joe McAuliffe against any pugilist at present in America. Expenses to San Francisco will be paid.

Jem Smith, the English champion, is expected to reach New York city the latter arrival he will engage in a ten round glove contest with Dominick McCaffrey, for gate receipts. Two ounce gloves will be used, and the match will be conducted according to Queensbery rules for endurance.

Krock, the young pitcher Anson picked up in the west last fall, has proven a great find. He has not lost a game and no club has ever been able to score over two runs in any game against him. Flint is doing the catching for this youngster and catching him in fine style.

There are very good prospects of a match being made between Joe Lannan and George Godfrey, says the Boston Herald. Lannan has almost persuaded his backer, Billy Maloney, to let him fight Godfrey, and some new developments are expected.

Fulljames, the light weight pugilist from Toronto, is in Winnipeg, and wants to fight Billy Hawkins, the light weight champion of Canada, now in Minnedosa, N. W. T., for $500. Sporting men believe Hawkins would knock out Fulljames in less than five rounds.

Wong Ah Kong, a Chinese athlete, says he thinks he can easily beat Albert, the champion pedestrian, in a walking match. Wong Ah Kong is 27 years old and is reputed to be the greatest Chinese walker in America.

The Young Men's nine who played the Y.M.L.A. on Saturday have protested against Marr, the caterer and captain of the Y.M.L.A. team. The arbitration committee of the Halifax Amateur Base Ball league meets this evening.

After considerable controversy through the press a match has finally been made between Frank Murphy, champion of England, and Jack Havlin, of Boston, champion of America, to fight to a finish with kid gloves for $2000, open to $5000, and the championship of the world at 110 pounds.

John L. Sullivan has purchased a one-third interest in John B. Doris' circus and will make a tour of the United States, beginning on or about June 1. The articles have been signed. Sullivan has served his connexion with his former manager Harry Phillips, and, having secured the services of a secretary, will manage his own affairs in the future.

The opening races of the Country club, at Cide park, Brookline, Mass., were held on Saturday. In the three-quarter mile flat, a sweepstakes of $10 each with $125 added, $25 of which went to second. Golden Maxin captured first place. In the one-mile flat, same purses as the three-quarter mile, Yorktown got second place, in the handicap steple chase, Sleepy Tom, formerly owned in St. John and sold to Barney of Providence, R. I., won second place. LeRoi Willis rode both Maxim and Yorktown in the events named.

New Advertisements.

THE GLASGOW & LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y,
J. J. FALCONER, - - AGENT.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 188.

FOR SALE.
A comfortable Dwelling House, handy the works, will be sold cheap. Apply to JAMES TOBIN.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 1888.

Wanted.
IMMEDIATELY a good GIRL, for general housework. Highest wages. Apply personally to MRS. SCURRAH,
American House.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 1888.

GEO. H. LAWRENCE,
Agent,
WESTERN FIRE ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Office with G. W. Cox & Co.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 1888.—1y

STINSON SMITH,
Builder
AND
Contractor,
Acadia Mine, June 2nd, 1888.

For Sale.
The subscriber is offering for sale his valuable property consisting of a large dwelling house, outhouses and barn; also a lot of land, 66x130. Apply personally or by letter, to JOSEPH COX.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 1888.

REMEMBER
ALL ARE WELCOMED TO
Y. M. C. A. MEETING
ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK.
ALSO—Meeting for men only Friday evening at 8 o'clock, over J. P. McDonald's shop.
J. P. McDONALD,
Secretary.
Acadia Mines, June 2nd, 1888.

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
CAPITAL OVER - - $1,000,000
By the payment of a small sum the following benefits can be secured in case of accident:
Sum payable at death $3,000
" " on the irreconcerable loss of sight of both eyes 3,000
" " on loss of hands or feet 3,000
Weekly allowance (for 26 weeks) during temporary or total disablement 15.00
C. W. COX,
Acadia Mines, June 2 Agent Acadia Mines.

S. H. SMITH & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN ALL KINDS OF
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
TINWARE, ETC.
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
STOVES. STOVES. STOVES
The celebrated Maritime COOKING STOVE—wood or coal—speaks for itself.
HARNESSES MADE AND REPAIRED
Farmers.—We take Wool, Sheep Skins and country produce of all kind in exchange for Goods.
Buyers, please send for our wholesale price list.
Acadia Mines, May 26th, 1888.—1y

Farm for Sale at Acadia Mines.
THE Subscriber wishes to sell the place on which he now resides, being on the Folly Mountain Road, one-half mile from Blast Furnace, containing twenty-two acres land, good house and barn. A good bargain may be expected by applying early to subscriber on the premises. J. W. McCULLOCH.
Acadia Mines, May 19th, 1888.—1m

F. LAZARUS' IMPROVED SPECTACLES
Preserve Your Sight
BY WEARING THE ONLY
Frank Lazarus,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF LAZARUS & MORRIS, HARTFORD, CONN. AND MONTREAL, P. Q.)
RENOWNED SPECTACLES
—AND—
EYE GLASSES
THESE Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are, undoubtedly, the best in the world. They never tire the eye and last many years without change. For sale by Mr. T. E. Atkins, druggist, next door to Post-office, and the Branch, under Masonic Hall, Acadia Mines.
FRANK LAZARUS,
(Late of Lazarus & Morris)
Manufacturer, London, Eng.
N. B.—No connection with any other spectacle firm in the Dominion of Canada.

New Advertisements.

DRINK
J. E. Bigelow & Co's
MOST EXCELLENT
SODA ALE,
CHAMPAGNE CIDER,
CRAPE SODA,
PURE FRUIT SYRUPS, and all kinds Mineral Waters.
We carry the largest and best selected stock of Cigars in the Maritime Provinces, and offer special inducements to the trade.
Manufactory, Truro, N. S. Telephone call 80.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
TRURO, N. S.
CASSON & LAMONT, - - PROP'S.
(Successors to R. H. Edwards.)
House remodelled and refitted. Sample Rooms in the House and on Prince St., close to Post Office.

NOTICE.
ALL persons at Acadia Mines and vicinity who are indebted to the "Acadia Mines Drug Store" will please take notice that I have placed the accounts at the office of Thomas M. Dunphy, Esq., at Acadia Mines, for immediate collection, who is authorized to give receipts therefor.
I have also appointed the said T. M. Dunphy, my agent, to receive from my tenants the monthly rents of the several properties, as said rents become due, and to take charge of the said property in general.
W. C. MacDONALD,
Proprietor.
Truro, N. S., May 2th, A. D., 1888.-1m

STEPHEN WATSON,
Fish Dealer.
HALIBUT, Codfish, Bloaters, Fin. and Haddies, Salmon and Shoals in their season. I guarantee all Fish fresh. Received direct from the boats, and packed in ice. Delivery days Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.
STEPHEN WATSON,
Acadia Mines, May 11th, 1888.

JOHN LEE,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
HAIR-CUTTING, Shaving and Shampooing, Ladies' and children's Hair cut in a superior manner. Particular attention paid to monthly customers. Private office and rooms for parties desiring same. Shop directly opposite Episcopal church, Acadia Mines.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—1y

F. H. JOHNSON,
CARRIAGE BUILDER AND UNDERTAKER,
ACADIA MINES, - - N. S.
ALL Common and Fancy Buggies is kept on hand and cheap for cash. All work is warranted. Price $75. Best White Lead in the Dominion. Pure English Oil Varnish, Japan and Steel Paints.
Rosewood Coffins from $4.00 upwards. Imitation Walnut Burial Caskets, finest, $24.00. Hearse free.
Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage, I will try to give satisfaction in all line of goods.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—6m

NOTICE.
THE undersigned has opened a shop directly opposite the school-house and is prepared to do all kinds of general
Blacksmith's Work.
Horse-shoeing and carriage work a speciality. All work done neatly and promptly.
RICHARD HUGHES.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

LADIES' STORE.
MRS. W. B. HUESTIS
HAS about completed her Spring stock of English and American
MILLINERY.
Ladies' and children's Hats and Bonnets, in all the newest shapes and shades. Flowers and Feathers in great variety. A very fine stock of Dress Goods, with trimmings to match; also a first-class
DRESS-MAKER
on the premises. All orders receive careful and prompt attention.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

CARD.
THE Subscriber having opened a Fancy Bakery and Confectionery Shop would respectfully solicit your patronage.
HOME-MADE BREAD
a speciality. WEDDING CAKES to order. Good assortment of choice Confectionery, Oranges, &c. Shop opposite post-office.
MISS FLEMING.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

NOTICE.
THE undersigned has opened a shop directly opposite the Episcopal Church and is making
Horse-Shoeing
a speciality. Price reduced to 90 cents, and would respectfully ask a share of your patronage.
JOSEPH KILLIN.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

Property Holders,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL HOUSE, SIGN, AND FRESCO PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, AND CALSOMINING.
All orders receive prompt attention. Work guaranteed satisfactory and durable by
A. F. CROWE.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—6m

Total Eclipse,
And Where Visible!
THE leading Spring and Summer stock, eclipsing all others in STYLE, QUALITY, and PRICE. Royal bargains in ladies' and children's
BONNETS, HATS,
CAPS AND GLOVES.
Trimmings of every shade and description. Children's Combs, 100 patterns of Dress Goods to select from. Quality at top. Prices at the bottom. Look where you will but don't buy before visiting
MRS. MORRIS
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—1y

Billiards
and Tobaccos,
CONFECTIONERY, Temperance Drinks, Fruits, etc., at the Rink Building, Inglis street, Truro.
JAS. SPOOK, Proprietor.
Truro, N. S., May 26th, 1888.—1m

BLAIKIE BROS.,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES
HARDWARE, CROCKERY-WARE, GROCERIES, Etc.
Flour and Meal a specialty.
BLAIKIE BROS
Commercial Street,
Acadia Iron Mines.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

ACADIA MINES
STORE.
GENERAL & COMMISSION WAREHOUSE.
INSURANCE
—AND—
RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE.
E. WALSH, - - AGENT,
Merchants' Bank - - of Halifax.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

WANTED.
500 men, women and children to call on the subscriber, who has opened a Boot and Shoe Store on Church street, next door to the American House, where he will be prepared to perform
Surgical Operations
—ON—
Boots and Shoes
By the adding of Feet, making good the Legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the Body with a New Sole.
—ON—
My Custom made Boots and Shoes
will be found as Elastic as an Act of Parliament, and admirably suited for those who tread only in the paths of rectitude. Their durability is equal to truth in itself, and they fit the feet as fairly as innocence the face of childhood. Also, supply the Ladies with their Rights as well as lefts.
DENNIS MURPHY.
Acadia Mines, May 1—1y

SUBSCRIBE
—FOR THE—
Londonderry Times,
ONLY $1.00 A YEAR.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

LOCAL & OTHER MATTERS.

JOSEPH CARSON had the end taken off his finger on last Saturday by a car wheel falling on it.

MR. MCNUTT, of Springhill, is erecting his soap factory on his own premises, near the hotel at that place.

MR. THOMPSON has been duly installed at the Niagara House, Springhill, and a most agreeable host he makes too.

MR. T. D. BLAIKIE, son of Mr. John Blaikie, of Great Village, has graduated "B. A." at Sackville Academy.

COUNTERFEIT ten cent pieces are in circulation in Charlottetown, P. E.I.

MR. HARRY APPLETON went to Springhill yesterday on company's business.

—:o:—

WE notice by the Springhill "News" that that thriving and fast-growing town is to be illuminated with the electric light.

—:o:—

MR. K. M SOLOMON has closed his place of business, and accepted a position in connection with the new pipe foundry.

—:o:—

THE breaking of a wire rope used on the incline at the west mines on Monday last, resulted in the smashing of four cars.

—:o:—

HON. A. W. MCLELLAN, postmaster general, passed through Londonderry on Wednesday, en route to Halifax. He will visit Acadia Mines on his return.

—:o:—

A QUICK TRIP.—Mr. Banford, supt. of the pipe foundry, left for Montreal on Monday night, on business connected with his department, transacted his business, and returned on Friday morning.

—:o:—

THE letter box on the east side of the river has been removed from the old stand, and is now placed on T. E. Atkins' drug store, commonly known as "The Branch."

THE school concert, which is billed for the 15th inst., promises to be something very nice, and as the proceeds are to be devoted to a good laudable purpose, the people of Acadia Mines should use every effort to secure them a good house.

MR. BAMFORD BURROX and William Recce went out to Webb's Lake last Saturday trouting. They were about three hours fishing, and caught over ten dozen fine trout, many of them weighing 3 lbs. Next!

WE notice, by report of the meeting of the juvenile temperance society that they have been having some discord in the ranks. This is to be regretted, as the temperance people of this county should work together harmoniously in this cause, if ever the desired object is to be obtained.

EQUINE MAYOR.—The new float "Skimmer" will be launched on the 25th with a well-known captain in charge. The "Skimmer" will contain four competitors for the prize, and judging from their former catch—as told by themselves—the experts will have to look to their laurels. Remember entries must be in by the 5th June.

WE direct the attention of all to the advertisement in another column of G.W. Cox on behalf of the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Company. This is, without doubt, the best thing in the way of insurance ever offered to the public. It is especially adapted to the circumstances of the men engaged in our iron works here, where accidents are so common. We think every man around the rolling mill furnace and foundry should allow no time to elapse before he takes out an accident policy. The cost is very small in comparison to the benefits secured.

SCENE IN A GROCERY.—Enter Mr. M—What is your lowest cash price for Flour? Merchant—$5.50 per bbl.

Ah yes. Can you give me 10 lbs. for 25 cts? No, not this week.

Why they beat you all to rags on Groceries in Truro. I was up there yesterday and back to-day. I was all around among the stores and can get Flour at $5.25; Corn Meal $4.00; Sugar at 7 cts. and Spools. Why I can get a Spool in Truro for 3 cts., the very same as you sell at 4 cts.

Merchant—My friend, give me your attention a moment. You are worth on the farm at least one dollar per day. Well; you spend a part of two days going to Truro, as you acknowledge you went up one day and back the next. Very well, let us figure the cost:

TRURO.

Say time lost	$ 1.00
Car fare up and back	65
Supper 25c. breakfast 25c. and bed 25	75
Bbl. Flour $5.25, bbl. Corn Meal $4	9.25
20 lbs. Sugar, 7c. $1.40, Spool 3	1.43
Freight 25c. Truckage 25c.	50
	$ 13.61

ACADIA MINES.

Bbl. Flour $5.50, bbl. Corn Meal $4	$9.50
20 lbs. Sugar 7 1-2 $1.50, Spool 4c.	1.54
	$11.04
Bal. in favor of Acadia Mines	$ 2.57

Mr. M—I see it now. "Are we then so much alike Alexander and the robber, take off his chains and test him well. Let me reflect." Great Scott! This is not like Halifax on the pipe contract.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS WEEK.

S. H. Smith & Son	Hardware
G. H. Lawrence	Insurance
J. J. Falconer	"
Geo. W. Cox	"
Joseph Cox	Property for Sale
James Tobin	" "
Mrs. Scurrah	Servant Wanted
J. P. McDonald	Y. M. C. A
A. J. Steele	Lemonade

LOCAL & OTHER MATTERS.

The summer time-table of the I. C. R. will go into effect on Monday next, June 4th.

THE annual convention of the Y. M. C. Association meets in Amherst on July 26th.

WE notice tenders are called for the painting and repairing of the Presbyterian church.

A NUMBER of French miners arrived here this week, and are working at the new mines.

WE are pleased to notice James O'Connell back to town, who is again prepared to picture off your smiling countenances.

MR. OWEN WATSON, brother of Stephen Watson, arrived in town this week, and has accepted a position in the rolling mill.

PARTIES wishing sample copies of THE TIMES sent to their friends will please leave addresses at this office through the week.

THE sparring exhibition in St. Bridget's Hall on last Saturday evening was poorly attended, nevertheless the programme was carried through, giving entire satisfaction to all.

ST. BRIDGET'S temperance association intend holding their annual picnic after the July pay, and we understand that increased efforts will be made to make this the most successful ever held here.

LOST.—Between the store of Falconer & Durning and S. H. Smith's house, a nickle watch with silver chain. The name is on the inside of the case. The finder will confer a favor by returning it to Walter Forman.

BISHOP COURTNEY held a confirmation service in St. John's Episcopal church, Truro, on last Monday evening. The largest number ever confirmed in that parish at one time was presented for the holy rite. A number from Acadia Mines also presented themselves.

THE Acadia Mines Brass Band played out last Thursday evening, to the enjoyment of all. Their improvement during the past few months is quite perceptible, and Acadia Mines can, with just pride, congratulate itself upon having one of the best country bands in the Province. They have just received a very fine silver tenor trombone, and a silver cornet, for finish and tone they speak for themselves. The band is still under the efficient leadership of Mr. John Thomas.

Ferguson's meat is wholesome and sweet,
To sell it some rhymes they have made;
But if you wish health, which is greater than wealth,
You will purchase my pure lemonade.

I have it on hand as the favorite stand,
By A. J. Steele it is made;
Ferguson's goods may be good, and their meat good for food,
Yet not equal to pure lemonade.

And now, if you please, you can behold disease;
Take courage and don't be afraid,
To purchase it right you cannot get tight,
On my pure, healing, cool lemonade.

I have Syrups in lots and numerous Pops,
Such as Ginger, Cream, Soda and Mead,
And El-Padre Cigar, I sell them at par,
In addition to pure lemonade.

I sell all kinds of Nuts, Figs, and Dates are in butts,
Cakes and Candy of a very fine grade;
If you taste the whole lot there's nothing you'll spot
As quick as my pure lemonade.

I have all kinds of can, and goods in the pan,
Now they are cold, but hot, if so made,
Oysters, Lunches, and Meals at old Sandy Steeles'
With desert and cold lemonade.

Last and not least, my tobacco of twist
And other brands no superior is made,
When you give them a test you'll find them the best
Of all things except pure lemonade.

I do not prate of great honest weight,
Or measure just, try to parade,
The public will learn to soon toot the horn
And blow for my pure lemonade.

In my business I make Oranges and Lemons a specialty."

A. J. STEELE.
Acadia Mines, June 1st, 1888.

New Advertisements.

THOMAS E. ATKINS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
Acadia Mines, N. S.
PROPRIETOR OF ATKIN'S DRUG STORE.
(NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE)
And the 'Branch,' Furnace Street
(At Store lately occupied by Messrs. Peppard & McDonald.)

—:o:—

Both the above STORES will always have on hand a complete stock of Pure, Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Combs, Hair, Tooth, Nail and Cloth Brushes, Sponges, Toilet Soaps and Toilet Requisites of all kinds. Pure Spices in bulk a speciality.

A carefully selected stock of fine Stationery, Mourning Paper and Envelopes, Memo. Books, Day Books, Counter Blotters, Letter Tablets, Pens, Ink and Pencils. Also, a good assortment of reading matter in all the latest editions of Seaside, Lovell's, Ogilvies' and other Libraries.

—:o:—

FISHING TACKLE,
Viz., Rods, at all prices. Fly Hooks, Fly Books, Landing Nets, Hooks, Lines, &c.

Cigars, (imported and domestic) Cigarettes, Old Gold and Myrtle Navy Smoking Tobacco, Meerchaum and Briar Pipes.

Atkin's Condition Powder for horses and cattle, the cheapest and best.

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!
In their season, a very carefully selected stock of Fresh Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED LAWRENCE SPECTACLES.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.—3m

NEW GOODS! SPRING 1888.

—:o:—

G. W. COX & CO.,
Keep constantly on hand a fine assortment in the various departments that make up
A First-Class General Store.
GOODS SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES. COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN AT MARKET PRICES.

—:o:—

Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Acadia Mines, April 30th, 1888.

DON'T
Miss the Red Roof Store on Main Street.

—:o:—

Newest Goods at lowest prices. Children's, boys' and men's Clothing and Furnishings in great variety. For Custom Clothing a big show Cloths and new Patterns.

DON'T forget that we have a full line of Furniture, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Lounges, Beds, Mattresses, Curtain Poles and Curtains, Room Paper, and everything required by the ladies for house cleaning and furnishing.

DON'T purchase until you have thoroughly inspected our stock, especially Dress Goods, Ginghams, Prints, Ladies' Kid Boots, Waltham Watches, &c. We sell a good Watch for $7. GUARANTEED.

DON'T rest until you see our $13 Suit, Black Cork Worsted, Custom Fitting for men

C. R. SMITH,
GENERAL IMPORTER & CLOTHIER.
Acadia Mines, May 5th, 1888.

Just Call and See.

—:o:—

The finest lot of Stationery ever offered in Acadia Mines. Just received at the
ACADIA MINES BOOK STORE
All kinds of School Books and supplies, Fancy, Plain Note and Letter Paper, Writing Tablets, Visiting Cards, &c., Bill Heads, all sizes and prices, Accordians from 65c. to $7.00.
Fishing Tackle, Flies, Reels and Lines. Complete fisherman's outfit.
Children's Garden Tools cheap.
A choice lot of Literature to select from. Don't forge our Photo. Frames, Picture Mouldings always on hand. Framing a specialty. Grand stock of Pictures, framed and unframed, everything down at rock bottom prices. Just received a full line of Patent Medicines, which will be sold cheap. We have added this to our stock, in order to have everything in the Stationery line.

J. B. GILLIS & CO.
Acadia Mines, May 8th, 1888.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
"THE LONDONDERRY TIMES,"
Only $1.00 Per Year.
OFFICE ON THE CORNER OF CHURCH AND COMMERCIAL STS.
(SECOND DOOR FROM BLAIKIE BROS.)

New Advertisements.

SPRING TIME.

Another season has come upon us, bringing with it new ideas, new Fabrics, new Fashions, and a desire for something different, in fact, a complete change from all pertaining to winter.

FALCONER & DURNING

Call attention, with just pride, to their large and varied stock of Goods for Spring and Summer trade, presenting the most perfect collection of new, beautiful and aritstic merchandize for men, women and children ever shown in Acadia Mines.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.
112 pieces Dress Goods, comprising in part

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS AND SATINS,	BLACK AND COLORED ALL-WOOL BEIGES,
" " " ALL-WOOL CASHMERES,	(great bargains in this line)
" " " UNION do.,	" " " PERSIAN CORDS,
" " " CACHEMIRETTES,	" " " ALPACAS,

and a large variety of Fancy Dry Goods. 200 pieces Prints, at from 5c. to 18c. yard. All new, and without exception the finest assortment in town. 25 pieces Ginghams from 8c. to 25c. a yard.

GREY COTTONS

We have now in stock 10 Bales of Gibson's Grey Cottons, which we retail at from 5c. a yard upwards, by the web, will be sold VERY, VERY LOW. FLEECY COTTONS, a full variety, commencing at 10c. a yard. 10 pieces SEERSUCKERS, from 9c. to 14c. yard. 20 pieces Brilliants and Piques, from 8c. to 18c. yard. 50 pieces WHITE SHIRTING, commencing at 8c. yard. Hamburgs and Laces, a large stock and cheap. Bustles and Skirt improvers, a new lot just in.

CORSETS! CORSETS!! CORSETS!!!
Coraline. Coraline A. Warner's Health. Lily. Modjeska. Sisalyne. Mary. Imogene. Favorite.

Ladies' and children's Collars and Frillings, a large variety.

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!! RIBBONS!!
the largest, nicest and cheapest stock in the place

BOOTS AND SHOES.

LADIES' KID BOOTS, buttoned.	LADIES' PEB. GRAIN BOOTS, laced.
" O. G. " "	" BUFF, " buttoned.
" POLISHED CALF BOOTS, buttoned.	" " " laced.
Misses' Lace " " PEB. GRAIN, " "	

variety. Men's Boots from $1.00 to $6.00 per pair. Ladies', Gent's and Misses' Slippers, and Oxford Tie and Button Shoes. We carry the largest stock of Boots and Shoes in this place. Amherst Boots in all their various makes and styles. Rubbers and Rubber Boots.

FURNITURE, A FULL STOCK:

Carpets! Carpets!! Carpets!!
If you wish to ascertain who really carries the largest, best and cheapest stock of Carpets in town, just visit all the stores, including ours, and we are quite sure your verdict will be without doubt.

FALCONER & DURNING'S
Lace Curtains and Cretonnes, very low.

Room-Paper. Room-Paper and Bordering.
Just examine our samples and be suited with quality, patterns and prices.

Hardware, A complete stock,
Paints, Oils, Glass, Spikes, Nails, and Shelf Hardware. Eureka Wringers very cheap. Stoves and Tinware sold cheap.

CROCKERYWARE AND GLASSWARE, A FULL STOCK.

Custom-Tailoring Department.
Call and see our large and new stock of **BLACK AND BLUE WORSTEDS AND TWEEDS**, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, and Domestic. The very best trimmings used in all custom suits. First-class work, and fit guaranteed.

BOYS' YOUTHS' AND MEN'S CLOTHING.
The largest and best stock in town, and at prices which defy competition.

GROCERIES. GROCERIES. GROCERIES.
A complete and carefully selected stock of Groceries. Stephen's English Jams and Marmalade, just in, very nice.

FALCONER & DURNING,
Furnace Street, Acadia Mines.

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

The village of Whitestrand, on the Suffolk coast—an oasis in a stretch of treeless desert—was and is one of the remotest and most primitive spots to be found anywhere on the shores of England. The railways, running inland away to the west, have left it for ages far in the lurch; and even the two or three belated roads that converge upon it from surrounding villages lead nowhere. It is, so to speak, an absolute terminus. The World's End is the whimsical title of the last house at Whitestrand. The little river Char that debouches into the sea just below the church, with its broad estuary from the low stretch of reclaimed and sluice drained pasture land of wiry grass that rolls away to the southward. The very name Whitestrand, as old as the days of the Danish invasion of the East Anglian plain, at once describes the one striking and noteworthy feature of the entire district. It has absolutely no salient point of its own of any sort, except the hard and firm floor of pure white sand that extends for miles and miles on either side of the village.

All Whitestrand—what there was left of it—belonged to Mr. Wyville Meysey. His family had bought the manor and estate a hundred years before, when the banking firm of Meysey's in the Strand was in the first heyday of its financial glory. Unhappily for him, his particular ancestor, a collateral member of the great house, had preferred the respectable position of a country gentleman to an active share in the big concern in London. From that day forth, the sea had been steadily eating away the Meysey estate, till very little was left of it now but salt, marsh and sandhills and swampy pasture-lands.

It was Tuesday when Hugh Massinger and Warren Relf set sail from the Tower on their voyage in the *Mud Turtle* down the crowded tidal Thames; on Thursday morning, two pretty girls sat together on the roots of an old gnarled poplar that overhung the exact point where the Char empties itself into the German Ocean. The Whitestrand poplar, indeed, had formed for three centuries a famous landmark to seafaring men who coast round the inlets of the Eastern Counties.

The elder of the two girls who sat together picturesquely on this natural rustic seat was dark and handsome, and so like Hugh Massinger himself in face and feature, that no one would have had much difficulty in recognizing her for the second cousin of whom he had spoken, Elsie Challoner. Her expression was more earnest and serious, to be sure, than the London poet's; her type of beauty was more tender and true; but she had the same large melting pathetic eyes, the same melancholy and chiselled mouth, the same long black wiry hair, and the same innate grace of bearing and manner in every movement as her distinguished relative. The younger girl, her pupil, was fairer and shorter, a prettier and delicate blonde of eighteen, with clear blue eyes and wistful mouth, and a slender but dainty girlish figure. They sat hand in hand on the roots of the tree, half overarched by its hollow funnel, looking out together over the low flat sea, whose fresh breeze blew hard in their faces, with the delicious bracing coolness and airiness peculiar to the shore of the German Ocean. There is no other air in all England to equal that strong air of Suffolk; it seems to blow right through and through one, and to brush away the dust and smoke of town from all one's pores with a single whiff of its clear bright purity.

"How do you think your cousin'll come, Elsie?" the younger girl asked, twining her straw hat by its strings carelessly in her hands. "I expect he'll drive over in a carriage from Daw's from the Almundham Arms."

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," the elder and darker answered with a smile. "But how awfully interested you seem to be, Winifred, in this celebrated cousin of mine! What a thing it is for a man to be a poet! You've talked of nothing else the whole morning."

Winifred laughed. "Cousins are so very rare in this part of the country, you see," she said apologetically. "We don't get sight of a cousin, you know—or, for the matter of that, of any other male human being, erect upon two legs, and with a beard on his face—twice in a twelve month. A live young man in a tourist suit is quite a rarity, I declare, nowadays.—And then a poet too! I never in my life set eyes yet upon a genuine, all-wool, unadulterated poet. And you say he's handsome, extremely handsome?"

"Winifred! Winifred! you naughty, bad girl!" Elsie laugh out, half in jest and half in earnest; "moderate your transports. You've got no sense of propriety in you, I do believe—and no respect for your instructress's dignity either. I ought'n't to let you talk on like that.—But as it's only Hugh, Winnie, like my own brother."

"What a jolly name—Hugh!" Winifred cried enthusiastically. "It goes so awfully well together, too, Hugh Massinger. There's a great deal in names going well together. I wouldn't marry a man called Adair, now, Elsie, or O'Dowd, either, not if you were to pay me for it (though why you should pay me, I'm sure I don't know), for Winnifred Adair doesn't sound a bit nice; and yet Elsie Adair goes just beautifully. Winifred Challoner—that's not bad, either. Three syllables, with the accent on the first. Winifred Massinger—that sounds very well too; best of all, perhaps. I shouldn't mind marrying a man named Massinger."

"Other things equal," Elsie put in laughing.

"Oh, of course he must have a moustache," Winifred went on in quite a serious voice. "Even if a man was a poet, and was called Massinger, and had lovely eyes, and could sing like a nightingale, but hadn't a moustache—a beautiful, long, wiry, black moustache, like the curate's at Snade—I wouldn't for the world so much as look at him. No close-shaven young man need apply. I insist upon a moustache as absolutely indispensable. Not red: red is quite inadmissible. If ever I marry—and I suppose I shall have to, some day, to please papa—I shall lay it down as a fixed point in the settlements, or whatever you call them, that my husband must have a black moustache, and must bind himself down by contract beforehand as long as I live never to shave it."

Elsie shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out seaward. "I shan't let you talk so any more, Winnie," said she, with a vigorous effort to be sternly authoritative. "It isn't right; and you know it isn't. The instructress of youth must exert her authority. We ought to be as grave as a couple of church owls.—What a funny small sailing-boat that is on the sea out yonder! A regular little tub! So flat and broad! She's the roundest boat I ever saw in my life. How she dances about like a walnut-shell on top of the water!"

"Oh, that's the *Mud-Turtle!*" Winifred cried eagerly, anxious to display her nautical knowledge to the full extent before Elsie, the town-bred governess. "She's a painter's yawl, you know. I've seen her often. She belongs to an artist, a marine artist, who comes this way every summer to sketch and paint mud-banks."

"She's coming in here now, I think," Elsie murmured, half aloud.—"O no; she's not; she's gone beyond it, towards the point at Walberwick."

"That's only to tack," Winifred answered, with conscious pride in her superior knowledge. "She's got to tack because of the wind, you know. She'll come up the creek as soon as she catches the breeze. She'll luff soon.—Look there, now; they're luffing her. Then in a minute they'll put her about a bit, and tack again for the creek's mouth.—There you are, you see; she's tacking, as I told you.—That's the artist, the shorter man in the sailor's jersey." He looks like a common A.B. when he's not up so in his seafaring clothes; but when you hear him speak, you can tell at once by his voice he's really a gentleman. I don't know who the second man is, though, the tall man in the tweed suit—he's not the one we generally come—that's Mr. Potts. But, oh, isn't he handsome? I wonder if they're going to sail close alongside. I do hope they are. The water's awfully deep right in by the poplar here. If they turn up the creek, they'll run under the roots just below us.—They seem to be making signs to us now.—Why, Elsie, the man in the tweed suit's waving his hand to you!"

Elsie's face was crimson to look upon. As the instructress of youth, she felt herself distinctly discomposed. "It's my cousin," she cried, jumping up in a terror of excitement and waving back to him eagerly with her tiny handkerchief. "It's Hugh Massinger! How very delightful! He must have come down by sea with the painter."

"They're going to run in just close by the tree," Winifred exclaimed, quite excited also at the sudden apparition of the real live poet. "O, Elsie dearest, he just look poetical! A man with a face and eyes like that couldn't help writing poetry, even if he didn't want to. He must be a friend of Mr. Relf's I suppose. What a lovely, romantic, poetical way to come down from London—tossing about at sea in a glorious breeze on a wee bit of a tub like that funny little *Mud Turtle!*"

By this time, the yawl, with the breeze in her sails, had run rapidly before the wind for the mouth of the river, and was close upon them by the roots of the poplar. As it neared the tree, Hugh stood up on the deck, bronzed and ruddy with his three days' yachting, and called out cheerily in a loud voice: "Hillo, Elsie, this is something like a welcome! We arrive at the port, after a stormy passage on the high seas, and are met at its mouth by a deputation of the leading inhabitants. Shall we take you on board with your friend at once, and carry you up the rest of the way to Whitestrand?"

Elsie's heart came up into her mouth. She would have given the world to be able to cry out cordially: "O Hugh, that'd be just lovely;" but propriety and a sense of the duties of her position compelled her instead to answer in a set voice: "Well, thank you! I never so kind for you, Hugh; but we're here in our own grounds, you know already.—This is Miss Meysey, Winnifred Meysey; Winnie, this is my cousin Hugh, dear. Now you know one another.—Hugh, I'm so awfully glad to see you!"

Warren Relf turned the bow toward the tree, and ran the yawl close alongside till her tiny taffrail almost touched the roots of the big poplar. "That's better," he said.—"Now, Massinger, introduce us. You do it like a Lord Chamberlain, I know."

"You women come up with us, then, Miss Challoner?" asked Hugh. Elsie shook her head. "We mustn't," she said candidly, "though I own I should like it. It's so very long since I've seen you, Hugh. Where are you going to stop in the village? You must come up this very afternoon to see me."

Hugh bowed a bow of profound acquiescence. "If you say so," he answered with less languor than his wont, "your will is law. We shall certainly come up.—I suppose I may bring my old friend with me—the owner and skipper of this magnificent and luxurious vessel?—We've had the most delightful passage down, Elsie. I never in my life felt anything like it. The blood of the old Sea-kings comes up in my veins, and I've been rhyming "viking" and "liking," and "striking" and "diking" ever since we got well clear of the London Bridge, till this present moment.—I shall write a volume of Sonnets of the Sea, and dedicate them duly to you.—And Miss Meysey."

Over all her face, she said nothing; but twirling her hat still in her hand, she gazed and gazed open-eyed, and almost open-mouthed—except that an open mouth is so very unbecoming—upon the wonderful stranger with the big dark eyes, who had thus dropped down from the clouds upon the manor of Whitestrand.

"I'll put her in nearer," Warren Relf said quietly, after a few minutes, glancing with mute admiration at Elsie's beautiful face and slim figure.—We'll lie by here for half an hour, Hugh, and if you prefer it, I'll put you ashore, and you can walk up through the grounds of the Hall, while I navigate the ship to the *Fisherman's Rest*, up yonder at Whitestrand."

As he spoke, he put over the boom for a moment, to lay her in nearer to the roots of the tree. It was an unlucky movement. Winifred was sitting close to the water edge with her hat in her hand, dangling over the side. The boom, flapping suddenly in the wind with an unexpected twirl, struck her wrist a smart blow, and made her drop the hat with a cry of pain into the river. Tide was on the ebb; and almost before they had time to see what had happened, the hat had floated on the swift stream far out of reach, and was nearing hastily in circling eddies on its way seaward.

Hugh Massinger was too good an actor, and too good a swimmer into the bargain, to let slip such a splendid opportunity for a bit of cheap and effective theatrical display. The eyes of Europe and of Elsie were upon him—not to mention the unknown young lady, who, for aught he knew to the contrary, might perhaps turn out to be a veritable heiress to the manor of Whitestrand. In a second he had taken off his coat and boots—sprung lightly to the further deck of the *Mud Turtle*, and taken a header in his knickerbockers and stockings and flannel shirt into the muddy water. In nothing does a handsome man look handsomer than in knickerbockers and flannels. The tide was setting strong in a fierce stream round the corner of the tree, and a few stout strokes, made all the stouter by the consciousness of an admiring trio of spectators, brought the eager swimmer fairly abreast of the truant hat immid-current. He grasped it hastily in his outstretched hand, waved it with a flourish high above his head, and gave it a twist or two of playful triumph, all wet and dripping, in his graceful fingers, before he turned. An act of daring is nothing if not gracefully or masterfully performed. And then he wheeled round to swim back to the yawl again.

In that, however, he had reckoned clearly without his host. The water proved, in fact, a most inhospitable entertainer. Hand over hand, he battled hard against the rapid current, tying the recovered hat loosely around his neck by its ribbon strings, and striking out vigorously with his cramped and trammelled legs in the vain effort to stem and breast the rushing water. After thirty or forty strokes, he looked in front of him casually, and saw, to his surprise, not to say discomfiture, that he was farther away from the yawl than ever. This was distressing—this was even ignominious; to any other man than Hugh Massinger, it would indeed have been actually alarming. He only thought to himself how ridiculous and futile he must needs look to that pair of womankind in having attempted with so light a heart a feat that was utterly beyond his utmost powers.

Vanity is a mighty ruler of men. If Hugh Massinger had stopped there till he died, he would never have called aloud for help. Better peace with honour, on the damp bed of a muddy stream, than the shame and sin of confessing one's self openly beaten in fair fight by a mere insignificant tidal river. It was Elsie who first recognised the straits he was in—for though love is blind, yet love is sharp eyed—and cried out to Warren Relf in an agony of fear: "He can't get back! The stream's too much for him!—Quick! quick! You've not a moment to lose! Put about the boat at once and save him!"

With a hasty glance, Relf saw she was right, and that Hugh was unable to battle successfully with the rapid current. He turned the yawl's head with all speed outward, and took a quick tack to get behind the baffled swimmer and intercept him, if possible, on his way toward the sea, whither he was now so quickly and helplessly drifting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The War Scare in England.

Quite a storm has been raised in England by some criticisms made by Lord Wolseley, and echoed by the Duke of Cambridge, on the state of the army and navy and the defences of the empire. According to certain critics the services have been in a bad way for years, but it was hardly to be expected that authorities so high in office would voice what others have only dared to write. The result of the course taken by the Commander-in-Chief and the assistant General has been that Lord Salisbury from his place in the House of Lords has severely condemned the action of Lord Wolseley in particular, and the latter, while maintaining that his criticisms were just, has declared that he did not mean to attack the administration. Anyway it is a sign of the times where the commanders of the army openly rebel against the policy of the government. To say the least of it, it is a bad example to set the soldiers, who may also be tempted to address public meetings and reveal their grievances, of which they undoubtedly have a stock.

The incident created quite a stir, in fact, almost a panic. Reading the cablegrams one would almost think some powerful nation was standing by and at any moment might gobble the sea girt isle with the ease that an ordinary individual would devour a penny roll. Things, however, are not quite so bad as that. The most noteworthy feature of the interesting little quarrel is that Lord Charles Beresford, who resigned his position as a lord of the Admiralty because the navy was seemingly no more than a paper creation, now says that in the two years and a half since he retired much has been done towards improvement. Perhaps the same beneficial effect would follow the resignation of Lord Wolseley, but, as a truce has apparently been reached, that is not likely to happen.

In view of the fact that the War Office spends about £20,000,000 annually, there must be, unless enormous misappropriation and waste prevail throughout, some pretty tangible results achieved somewhere. Lord Salisbury's guarded observation that there had been a considerable increase in preparations within recent years, means, no doubt, a good deal. Meanwhile all this excitement is producing its effect at home and abroad. The Duke of Cambridge denies that the country is in imminent danger, though even the modified form of his denial is adapted to intensify rather than allay the public disquiet. When it is announced that modern 30 guns are being mounted at Sheerness, that other measures of defence are being adopted on the Thames, that the first and second army corps are to be placed on a war footing, magazine rifles issued to all the regular troops, etc., it is no wonder that the people begin to ask what it all means. Nor is the news from abroad reassuring. The Prussian military leaders are said to be counting confidently on a summer campaign, and the din of warlike preparations still resounds in Austria and in Russia. It seems incredible, however, that the Governments, or any one but a military officer, can suppose England to be in any much danger of invasion, as would seem to be foreshadowed by great activity in strengthening coast and river armaments. Either the Island must be suffering from one of its unaccountable but periodical panics, or the real danger must be threatening some quarter other than that indicated. Gen. Boulanger is yet far from having reached the head, either of the French Government or the French War Office, and, even if he were in either place, the menace to English homes could not be very terrible. It is not easy to conceive of any other Power as likely to carry the war into the Thames.

A Russian Railway.

The description of a railway in the Ural Mountains is taken from George Kennan's illustrated account of his trip across the Russian frontier, in the May *Century*. It will be read with surprise and peculiar interest by many in America, the railway country: "We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining region of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed, as the road over which we were traveling from Perm to Ekaterinburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the roadbed was solid and well ballasted; the rolling stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order. Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the vesret posts were set in neatly fitted mosaics three or four feet in diameter of colored Ural stones. The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half an hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station building, which was a mere shanty not more than a year ago, covered platform twenty feet wide extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, where smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar trees in green tubs, bouquets of cutflowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, decanters of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and rockwork. The chairs around the table were of a dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed urn by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, wi h low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiter's orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

Col. Ingersoll's Logic Assailed

In the current number of the *North American Review* Mr. Gladstone replies to the heavy assertions of the distinguished American infidel, Col. Robert Ingersoll. Mr. Gladstone takes the ground that the Darwinian theory of evolution, so far from invalidating the truth of revelation as given in the Scriptures, is entirely in harmony with it. He, moreover, defends the ethics of the Old Testament and the actions and teaching of the early prophets. He assails the logic of Col. Ingersoll, and claims that it is not a sufficient objection to the truths of spiritual phenomena we cannot put to the test of individual experience to say "I do not know." The whole subject is treated by the ex-Premier of England in a suggestive and most reverential manner.

A BIRD OF GOOD AND EVIL OMEN.

Legends of the Crow in all Lands.

"Thou hast ravens' knowledge—*tha Fios Fithichagad*," is said in the Highlands to a child who is wise beyond his years; and all over the world we find the same supernatural wisdom attributed to ravens and crows. Not only so, but the raven in many mythologies closely connected with the gods. Thus among the Greeks he was the messenger of Apollo, even as in early Christian legend we find him the messenger of St Oswald.

But the god who must ever be most intimately associated with the raven is the Norse Odin, who in the earliest legends is wont to take the form of a raven at will. Afterwards, when his worship became purer, he had still two attendant ravens, "Mind" and "Memory," who told him all things. The old Scandinavian myth of the raven emblazoned on their standard, and Asser, in his Life of Alfred the Great, tells how in a victory gained by that King over the Danes he took the raven banner: "for they say the three sisters of Hindwal and Hubba wove that flag, and got it ready in one day," and that in "every battle whenever that flag went before them, if they were to gain the victory, a live crow would appear flying in the middle of the flag," but if they were to be defeated it hung motionless.

Mr. Andrew Long, in his recent work on "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," when giving his theory as to the legends of the gods of savage races and their doings, says that probably many of these tales were told in answer to the questions men began to ask as they emerged from the lowest state of savagery. Amongst these great first questions as to the beginning of things which were asked all the world over is what seems to us the almost childish one—"Why is the crow black?" That this question as to the colour of crows was asked we find proof in the tales of many widely scattered races.

Apollo's raven was white until one day the god sent him to bring water for a sacrifice. On his way he found a fig tree with fruit almost ripe, and waited for its ripening. To excuse his delay he took the water snake from the fountain, put it in his pitcher and told Apollo that it had daily drank the waters dry. The god, not to be imposed upon by this tale, punished the raven by turning him black, and condemned him to be plagued with thirst as often as the season of his fault came round, and to give token of his punishment by his hoarse croaking.

The crow became proverbial for procrastination among the Greeks, on account of this fatal delay. St. Athanasius, however, gives as the reason for this character being attributed to him, his cry of "*cras*," the Latin for "to-morrow."

Among the Bushmen, the race lowest in the scale of humanity in Africa, there is a legend which accounts for the white patches on the breasts of their crows. Some men having carried long at their hunting, their wives went out crow-beak for food, but here again we find the crows playing the part of messengers. Round the neck of each bird they tied a piece of fat to serve as food on its journey, and ever since the crows have borne the marks left by this fat on their breasts.

Among the Hottentots, also, we find the belief that the crows were once white, for they tell how in old days the lion had the power of flight—a power which depended on the bones of his prey remaining unbroken. When he was a-hunting, he gave the charge of his bone heap to two white crows. The legend then goes on to tell how the bones were at last broken, and the lion was deprived of his wings by "the Great Frog."

The Australian blacks have a story in which the crow figures as a sort of supernatural being, though here there is no mention of his colour. The Pleiades, they say, were once a Queen and her six maidens. The crow fell in love with the Queen, but she refused to marry him. He changed himself into a grub, and hid in the bark of a tree. The Queen and her maidens went back women, but grubs, as the *gins*, or the grub-crow and the maidens first tried to pick him out, but he broke the point of all their wooden hooks. Then came the Queen with her bone hook, and succeeded where her maidens had failed; but no sooner was the crafty crow drawn out than he changed himself into a giant, and ran away with the Queen. Ever since there have been but six Pleiades.

It is not necessary to go to the Antipodes, however, to find man in the guise of the crow. In several of the West Highland tales collected by the late Mr. Campbell of Islay, the enchanted prince is spellbound in the shape of a raven or a hoodie. In one story the heroine marries the hoodie, wob after many marvellous adventures, eventually regains his human form.

Whenever the crow figures in these Highland tales it is as the friend of man. In the story of "The Battle of the Birds," the hare assists a raven to kill a snake, and it shows its gratitude by helping him afterwards in various encounters with giant and other foes. Similarly, in a Russian folk-tale Ivan Popyasloff and a raven together slay a twelve headed snake.

In Hindoo myth the crow personifies the souls of the dead, and when from the far East to the far Westwe go, we find the tulinkeets of Mexico constituting an aged raven as the incarnation of he soul of one of their "medicine men" or magicians. Similarly, too, we find in the "lloids" of Aristophanes the crow. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes, and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar trees in green tubs, bouquets of cutflowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, decanters of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and rockwork. The chairs around the table were of a dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed urn by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, wi h low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiter's orders as in an English grill-room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year."

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Picton, Feb. 17.—This is to certify that, have used Paine's Celery Compound for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for a internal pain, and would greatly recommend it to the public.—N. T. KINGSLEY.

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The great Lick telescope, although not yet in full working order, has demonstrated its superior power by its clear presentation of objects located in the solar system, and its discoveries in the indefinitely more remote stellar universe. Its last performance is said to be the discovery of suns, infinitely remote, in that great gulf of the sky which, because it has proved to be so empty to all other telescopes, has been called, derisively, "the hole in the sky." Mr. Boutwell once wanted to see Andrew Johnson shot out through that "hole in the sky"—never dreaming the alleged hole was occupied by a universe of suns, many of which, very likely, are bigger than ours, and all of which probably have their own systems of attendant planets. Suns so remote that their light, flashing through the star-depths at the rate of 187,000,000 miles per second, takes a thousand years to reach our world, may well have remained hitherto unseen, buried in fathomless space. It takes a fraction over eight minutes for the sun's light to reach the earth, but the sun is only 92,000,000 miles distant. It is useless for our mind to try to grasp, in a "realizing sense," even such distances as ninety-two millions of miles. As to the shoreless depths of outer space, peopled as it may be by infinity with circling suns and systems, nothing less than eternity for all mental development would serve to qualify human minds even approximately to grasp the mighty reality.—[Hartford Times.

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"One condition laid down in the contract by the company was that the new liner should be unsinkable." This is a brave guarantee on the part of the builders of a great ocean steamer, even in this extremely scientific age. The ship thus warranted is the City of New York, a new ocean boat of the huge capacity of 10,500 tons built by Messrs. Thomson, Clydebank, Glasgow, to the order of the Inman company.

A Woman's Charms

soon leave her, when she becomes a victim to any one of the various disorders and peculiar "weaknesses" that are peculiar to the fair sex. The condition of tens of thousands of women to-day is pitiable in the extreme; they are weak, bloodless creatures, a prey to mental anguish and bodily pain; in a word, "broken-down," from any one of numerous causes. To this unhappy multitude we strongly urge the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible, world famed remedy, for all "female" irregularities and "weaknesses," and which restores the worst sufferer to vigorous health, and reinvests her with all the charms of figure, face and complexion, that receive such willing homage from man.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, may still be spoken of as a young man, for he has only recently turned his 40th year. Twenty-five years ago he was a poor boy in Edinburgh.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause *not mentioned above*, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. You find in the "lloids" of Aristophanes the crow. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose

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GEORGE W. BOUTON, STAMFORD, CONN., says: "For two years I was a sufferer from nervous debility, and I thank God and the discoverer of the valuable remedy that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND cured me. It is a valuable remedy. Long may it live. Let any one write to me for advice."

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ALONZO ABBOTT, WINDSOR, VT., says: "I believe PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND saved my life. My trouble seemed to be an internal humor. Before I used it I was covered with an eruption from "head to heel." The eruption is rapidly healing, and I am five hundred per cent. better every way."

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